

## **Curled Tails**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28860369) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28860369>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF, Minecraft (Video Game)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF), GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Catboys &amp; Catgirls, Catboy George, dogboy dream, Dogboys &amp; Doggirls, Mutual Pining, Sharing a Bed, Sharing Clothes, Jealousy, (only a little tho), Cuddling &amp; Snuggling, Fluff, god so much fluff, Cat/Human Hybrids, Cat Tails, Cat Ears, mostly just cat and dog behaviors, Crack Treated Seriously</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-22 Completed: 2021-05-01 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 5509

## **Curled Tails**

by [aetherpunk](#), [miraculousmultifan](#)

### Summary

“Let me tell you the cutest thing that Patches did today! I really love cats.”

George felt a jolt shoot up his spine. Dream likes cats? His tail flicked up and curled around his wrist at his seat.

“So basically we were cuddling on the couch, and she sat up to press her head up against my chin. She was nuzzling my neck and it was adorable! And then her little tail kept flicking to hit me on my arm lightly, and she was giving me the cutest look. God, I swear my heart just melted.”

George was growing steadily warmer as he imagined himself in that position. Cuddling with Dream and nuzzling him, his tail wrapped loosely around him. He just about melted into his seat with purrs at the thought of Dream’s hands around him and the smile on his face.

\*\*\*

George is finally on a plane to visit Dream, but he’s a little nervous. Probably because he’s been hiding a big secret from him...

### Notes

what can i say, you needed catboy/dogboy fics and i had to deliver. there is a serious lack of wholesomeness in this tag so i needed to add some

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [It's Raining](#) by [Turtle\\_iер](#)

# Chapter 1

It wasn't like George was trying to hide it. It just wasn't very widely accepted, and well... he didn't want to lose his fans and all the people that loved him just because of something he couldn't control.

A dono came through, the robotic voice reading out, "George, can we get a hair reveal?"

George self-consciously rubbed at his beanie, making sure it was securely on his head. "Ha! No. Anyways, so..."

George continued on with his stream, ignoring the comments in the chat asking him to take off his beanie. Feeling a clenching in his gut, George ended the stream, keeping up a cheery facade for the audience.

As soon as the camera was off and the stream had been done for a few minutes, he took off his beanie and ruffled his hair, letting his ears perk up and his tail uncurl from where it had wrapped itself around his waist. He sighed, leaning back in his chair with a small frown and furrowed brows.

*Ding!*

**hey georgie! you ended your stream kind of quickly**

**whats up? wanna call?**

George smiled down at his phone. How did Dream always know when he needed cheering up? Instead of replying, George started the call immediately, humming when Dream's voice came through.

"George! Hi! Is everything alright?"

George shifted awkwardly as his mind reminded him of the donation. It was silly, just a small request, but it didn't stop the shame that seeped into his pores and twisted his stomach in knots.

"Hey, Dream," he sighed, leaning away from his mic as he tried to hold back a rumble at the sound of Dream's voice. "It's a lot better now that you're here."

"I'm glad that I can help, then. I couldn't tell what exactly happened, but I could tell you were upset, and that makes *me* upset."

George felt a pang in his chest. Dream cared so much for him. He felt like he could tell Dream his secrets and he wouldn't throw him to the wolves and leave him to hurt. But there was still that little part of him, the shame, that reminded him that he wasn't normal. That Dream wouldn't care for him if he knew. He couldn't love him like this.

"It's nothing to get upset over- My energy just plummeted randomly," George shrugged. "You

know how it is.”

Dream hadn’t streamed in a while, much to the fans’ dismay. He could faintly recall Dream saying he “just didn’t have the energy to,” so he must’ve understood where George was coming from. He’d gone through the same thing, after all.

They sat in silence for a few moments, before George cleared his throat.

“Can we talk about something else? I don’t really want to think about streaming right now.”

“Of course!” Dream grinned, quick to soothe any of George’s worries. “Let me tell you the *cutest* thing that Patches did today! I really love cats.”

George felt a jolt shoot up his spine. Dream likes cats? His tail flicked up and curled around his wrist at his seat.

“So basically we were cuddling on the couch, and she sat up to press her head up against my chin. She was *nuzzling* my neck and it was *adorable*! And then her little tail kept flicking to hit me on my arm lightly, and she was giving me the cutest look. God, I swear my heart just melted.”

George was growing steadily warmer as he imagined himself in that position. Cuddling with Dream and nuzzling him, his tail wrapped loosely around him. He just about melted into his seat with purrs at the thought of Dream’s hands around him and the smile on his face.

“Sorry, what was that? I think you cut out...” Dream said, his chair squeaking as he shifted to get closer to his monitor.

George sat up straight, looking not unlike a deer in headlights. “Oh, sorry. I just... Set you down near my-” He trailed off trying to think of something, anything that would sound like a cat’s purr and get him off the hook. “Microwave! I’m heating leftovers for myself. Kinda hungry, haha.”

“Oh,” Dream sighed, and George couldn’t shake the feeling that Dream was curious and a little suspicious. “What are you having?”

Fuck. George hadn’t thought that far. “Soup! Soup. I’m a big soup lad. Love me some soup.”

“... Soup?”

“Yep! Uh-huh!” He yelled, a bit louder and strained than he would’ve liked. “Oil me up, daddy! It’s dinner time, and I’m a little soup boy. Chompa, chompa.”

“*whAT?!*” Dream screeched.

“Huh?” George played dumb.

“What is *wrong* with you?”

“What did I say?”

“Are you serious right now?”

“I literally have no clue what you’re talking about.”

George could feel Dream’s eyes squinting.

“Right... So anyway, Patches is in my lap right now. Say hi, Patches!” Dream brought his phone

up to Patches face, and George could hear a soft rumbling. He smiled. “Awww, George! Did you hear that? She’s purring! That’s so cute. I love it when cats purr.”

George could feel himself faltering. Maybe Dream really wouldn’t cast him aside like he meant nothing. That wasn’t in his character anyway. As his best friend, he should know that. George smiled, sighing softly as he played with the end of his tail absentmindedly.

“George? Are you still there?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah, I’m here. I gotta say, I think I’m more of a dog person.” George heard Dream choke.

‘O-Oh. Seriously?’’ Dream sounded like he was trying very hard to hold back a grin, but George had no idea what that meant.

“Yeah, seriously. Y’know when they get excited and their tails wag so hard they look like they’re gonna snap off? Or like they’re gonna knock shit over. It’s annoying, but like, in a really cute way. And they’re super easy to cuddle? Their energy is just... really endearing, and they’re adorable. You know what I mean?”

George could hear the soft smile in Dream’s voice when he responded. “Yeah. I think I do.”

Comfortable silence floated back in between them. It was different than the time before because now George didn’t *have* to think about the way he looked on camera, he didn’t have to pick the words he said carefully. Dream didn’t care about the little things that George fretted about. Dream didn’t care, and George knew Dream would take the sun out of the sky if George said it was too bright. It was freeing. Almost like Dream was letting him out of a cage that had trapped him for too long.

Everything was going to be okay. He didn’t need to worry anymore.

“Hey, George? Can I ask you a question?”

“Sure, Dream. What’s up?” George asked tentatively, trusting that Dream wouldn’t say anything to hurt him, but still a bit cautious.

“Would you be interested in... coming to visit me?” Dream mumbled out. George froze in place, elation rising quickly in his heart. Dream wanted to see him. He was going to see Dream’s face. He was going to be with his best friend *in person* to see and to hold.

The feeling crashed, however, when he realized that Dream would *see* him. In all his glory. Sure, he had just said that he loves cats and he thinks they’re cute, but... Well, how did he feel about catboys? Would he even mind if George let his tail and ears out every once in a while? Would he care if George curled his tail around his arm whenever they stood too close?

“I mean— You don’t have to if you don’t want to! It was just a suggestion. I know it’s a long flight to Florida and everything, so yeah. I just... I want to see you?” While George had been going through his gay little twink crisis, Dream was becoming more and more nervous. George hadn’t answered, and it was starting to seem like he didn’t want that at all.

“Dream! What are you talking about? I’d *love* to come visit. I was just... Are you sure you want me to come? You haven’t even shown me your face yet.” George wanted to make sure Dream was *super* sure before he made a decision. After all, his face had been a personal thing to him for so long, and he was willing to give that all up just to see George for the first time? Was George really that important to him?

"I want you to come. I *really* want you to come. George, you're my best friend. Why wouldn't I want to meet you in person?" George couldn't help but feel like Dream sounded somewhat hurt.

"Of course, I want to meet you. I'm just surprised you want to see me that badly. But whenever you want me there, I'll be there. You know I would. Just tell me a time."

"Just checking. Cause, y'know, I already bought the tickets, so it would be kind of awkward if you said no, and then I'd have to return them, and it would be a whole big thing."

"Oh my god, you're such an idiot. I'm going. When's the flight? How long am I staying?"

"Tomorrow night? 10 pm for me, so 3 am for you? I think? I'll be there at the airport bright and early to pick you up! And uh... As long as you want. You have a return ticket, but there's no set date. There's all the time in the world for smooches!" Dream wheezed, slapping his desk while George pouted.

"God, why are we friends? Fine, I'll be there. You better be there to pick me up, or I'm getting a flight right back here, and I'll never speak to you again."

George could feel Dream's grin, so he settled back into his chair and allowed himself to smile right back. "Alright, I guess I need to sleep since I'll be packing all day tomorrow."

"Can we sleep call?"

George softened. "Sure, Dream. We can sleep call." Clingy bitch. He really was just like a golden retriever.

George got ready for bed, and settled under the cover, putting his phone on the charger and setting it on the pillow next to his, Dream's voice coming through on speaker softly as he murmured, "Goodnight, George."

"Goodnight, Dream."

George fell asleep to the sound of Dream's quiet breaths next to his ear.

\*\*\*

Dream's hand shook as he pulled out his phone once more to check his messages from George.

Nothing.

Sighing, he ran a hand through his hair, lightly scratching at his ears to calm himself down just a bit. Once he took a deep breath and relaxed, Dream fluffed up his hair so that it covered his ears more; he already caught a couple people looking at him weird, and he didn't need to draw more attention to himself.

George was almost in front of him. Almost in his arms. Almost close enough to touch and hold and *see* in front of his very eyes.

The speaker above him announced that George's flight had landed, and Dream couldn't help himself from bouncing on his heels and tapping out a little rhythm on his thighs. He must have zoned out for a moment though, daydreaming about everything and nothing, because when he focused back, people were walking into the baggage claim.

Dream's eyes caught on a man with a beanie, looking around nervously and checking his phone

every couple of seconds. The man looked up, and Dream honestly could have fainted. He knew that man.

“George!” He called out, immediately sprinting in his direction.

George looked up once more from his phone to see a very attractive man that certainly fit Dream’s description of himself running straight toward him. His eyes widened, and a smile grew on his face until his cheeks started to hurt.

He met Dream halfway, their arms wrapping immediately around each other. They fit together perfectly, Dream’s chin on his head, and George’s arms wrapped tightly around his waist, breathing him in. George couldn’t stop the light rumble that was building up, so he let it out, nuzzling his face closer into Dream’s chest. He was tired, okay? You couldn’t blame him for taking advantage of the moment.

“George,” Dream breathed, ruffling George’s hair with his words. “It’s *so* good to see you.”

George pulled away the tiniest bit so he could properly take Dream in. He smiled, reaching up to brush Dream’s hair away from his forehead, giggling when Dream seemed to melt, pushing his face into George’s hand. “It’s you. It’s really you.”

Dream shifted his eyes up, staring at George from under his lashes. “I just hope you like what you see.”

George blushed and pushed Dream’s face away, untangling himself from his grasp. “Come on, we’re making a scene. Take me home.”

Home. Any place is home with Dream.

He wants to go *home*.

The car ride to Dream’s house was comfortable. Dream was playing one of his favorite playlists, letting George relax in the passenger seat. And if he started purring, well, he could always pass it off as the air conditioning. He was safe and warm, and that was all that mattered.

As soon as the door opened, Patches came running up from her place on the couch, welcoming Dream home and greeting her new friend. She walked up to George and sniffed him carefully. He held his breath as she eyed him up, only settling when she looked between the two of them and wended herself through George’s legs, purring loudly.

“Awww, Patches likes you! If she didn’t I would have had to kick you out of my house, and neither of us would’ve liked that very much.”

“Oh?” George replied slyly, setting his luggage down in the front room and making his way towards the kitchen. “And why wouldn’t you have liked that?”

Dream faltered, almost tripped as he followed George into this house. “Well because this is the first time I’m seeing you in person. I want to make the most of it, and I can’t do that if you’re not staying with me.”

George shrugged. “Fair enough. So what’s for breakfast? I hate airplane food, so I’m *famished* right now.”

Dream swayed side to side as he looked through his pantry for anything to make. “We could have pancakes? Would you like that?”

George perked up, before looking away quickly and saying. “Yeah, I guess I can do pancakes.”

Dream grinned, pulling out the bowls and getting started as Patches meowed at George until he followed her into the living room to play. His whole family was together, and he couldn’t wait. Forgive him for eavesdropping.

“Hi, sweet girl,” George cooed, giggling when Patches jumped up into his lap. “I’m glad you took a liking to me. I was scared you wouldn’t like having another cat in the house. Don’t worry though, I can share. I won’t take Dream away from you *too* much.”

Dream froze. Another cat?

Dream wasn’t stupid, alright. George had accidentally dropped too many hints, but that just confirmed it for Dream.

George was a hybrid. A *cat* hybrid to be specific. Dream could hardly stop his heart from beating and his face from flushing. He loved cats. He *loves* cats. God, George would make the most adorable cat.

Steeling himself, Dream made his decision. He was going to tell him. They were best friends. George could never hate him. Especially now that they’re so similar.

“Hey, George? Could you come here for a minute? There’s something I want to tell you.”

“Of course!” George got up from the couch, apologizing to Patches and scratching her behind the ears before he made his way back to the kitchen. “What’s up?”

So, talking to George was a lot harder face to face. He could do it thought. He was *going* to do it.

Instead of telling him, Dream decided to show him. He fluffed up his hair and let his ears perk up, his tail finally freeing itself from under his hoodie.

“So, uhhh. I’m a hybrid? I hope that’s alright.”

George was blushing. George was staring at his ears and blushing *very hard*. Dream could work with that.

“I just wanted to be honest with you. This is our first time meeting in person, after all.”

George’s mouth opened and closed a couple of times. “Wow. Thank you for telling me, I’m... Okay, I guess it’s my turn, then.” Squeezing his eyes shut, George pulled off his beanie, letting his tail uncurl from around his waist. “I’m a hybrid too. Obviously.”

Dream was staring at George’s tail and the way it was flicking side to side as George waited for him to respond.

“Your tail is cute.”

George spluttered, taking his tail in his hands and fidgeting with it. “What the hell? Dream, you can’t just *say that*!”

“Why not?” Dream replied, leaning onto the kitchen counter in front of George and smirking at him.

“Well. Because. If you can say my tail is cute, then I can say that I think it’s adorable how fast your tail is wagging right now.”

Dream turned bright red, losing his balance and hitting his head on the cabinet. “Shit!”

“Oh my god, are you alright? I didn’t expect you to react like *that*, my god! Here, let me help.”

George was by Dream’s side in a flash, cradling his face and checking him over to check for any blood or bruises. His tail flicked out and curled around his leg comfortingly.

“Dude- I’m fine. How did you get over here so fast? It’s like you teleported or something.”

George blinked. “I, uh. I jumped over the counter?”

They were still standing very close together, Dream’s tail wagging faster the longer they stood like that with George’s tail curled around him and keeping him close. It was the smell of smoke that separated them.

“Oh, shit! The pancakes!” Dream pulled away regrettably to save their breakfast, leaving George cold by the counter. “I guess we’ll have to start over… Or would you rather go out to eat?”

“Hmmm. Going out to eat sounds good, but I’ve been hiding my tail so long… Could we stay here for a bit before we go?”

“Yeah, of course. I also have this restaurant that I love, and it’s hybrid friendly, so we wouldn’t have to hide.”

George hummed, moving to sit on the couch with Dream following close behind. He pulled out the TV remote and turned on a random movie on Netflix, purring softly when Dream took his seat next to him. He tried to hold himself back, but he couldn’t help himself, shifting closer to rest his head on Dream’s shoulder.

Dream grinned, resting his head on top of George’s while his tail thumped on the couch. George giggled, snuggling closer as his purring elevated until it was sounding not unlike a car engine. They were finally together. Finally close enough to touch. Close enough to hold.

George couldn’t wait to see what the rest of his trip held for him.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Dream takes them to a restaurant and can't take his eyes off George

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Of course, they had fallen asleep together on the couch. It was hard not to with the rumble of George's purrs lulling Dream quickly to sleep as he enveloped him with his warmth. People always say that sleeping next to somebody you love makes it easier to fall asleep, and privately, both George and Dream could agree.

Naturally, Dream had woken up first. Throughout their nap they had shifted until Dream was laying on his back with George's head tucked under his chin, Dream's arms wrapped around him to keep him close. Instead of pulling away like he admittedly should have done, Dream nuzzled into George's hair and pulled him closer, enveloping himself in his scent with his tail wagging as best as it could where it was trapped between them and the couch.

Dream needed to get up. It was probably way later than he had intended, and they both needed to eat. Maybe George would be okay with brunch? It was looking a bit more like dinner, but that was okay too. As long as they were spending time with each other.

Gently scratching at George's scalp, Dream tried to wake him up slowly. George let out a long purr, leaning his head into Dream's hands as his ears flicked. Dream could feel his heart melting.

"Hi, Georgie. Wanna wake up so we can go have some brunch?" Dream asked, scratching just behind George's ears.

"That's kinda gay," George mumbled into Dream's collarbone before shaking himself awake. He smiled up at Dream, bumping their foreheads together before looking down at their position. He flushed and attempted to scramble off, failing as Dream just tugged him closer.

Dream wheezed, his ears perked up and his tail thumping softly. George pretended to be grumpy, but his tail was curling lazily around his leg, tickling the inside of his knee. Just when it seemed like George was going to fall back asleep, Dream picked him up and slung him over his shoulder.

"Seriously, we need to get up if we want to do anything today. Take a shower or something, I'm sure you don't feel the grimy jetlag anymore." Dream set George down gently in front of his bathroom, telling him to use the products in there already. George blinked slowly at him before turning around and shutting the door behind him.

It didn't take long until George was done, knocking softly on the door to say, "Dream. I didn't bring any clothes. Can you get me something from my suitcase?"

Making a noise of affirmation, Dream searched through the bag before that little part in his brain whispered. *Give him one of your hoodies. Make him wear your clothes.*

Who was he to deny?

Grabbing his favorite hoodie and a pair of sweatpants from George's suitcase, Dream knocked on the door, cracking it open with his eyes squeezed shut to pass the clothes on.

When George walked out, Dream's tail started wagging a mile a minute. His hoodie practically enveloped him, giving him little sweater paws that Dream could cry over. George's tail was curled nervously around his own leg. Not liking the self-conscious look in George's eyes, Dream ran over and grabbed his hands, jumping up and down.

"Oh my god, kitty! You look so cute!"

George turned bright red, his pupils dilating as he stared at where their hands were connected. Before he could react, Dream was dragging them out the door and down the street, excitedly babbling about this restaurant and how he thought George would love it.

George was so shocked, he didn't even think about covering up his tail.

\*\*\*

The restaurant was pretty packed, Dream accurately describing the popularity earlier. As they sat down at a large table by the window looking out at the garden, Dream couldn't help but link their ankles, the thumping of his tail much louder on the leather booth.

Just as George was looking over the menu, trying determinedly not to focus on how happy Dream was, their waitress arrived at their table, her bunny ears bouncing adorably.

"Hello there," she drawled sultrily, looking straight at Dream. "What can I get you today?"

Instead of ordering for himself, Dream looked at George with a patient smile. "What were you thinking, kitty? *Unburnt* pancakes?"

George smiled at him, turning to look at the waitress to place his order before noticing the heated gaze she was pointing at Dream. He stopped for a minute, his eyebrows furrowed, before deciding to move on. Dream wasn't his anyway. This girl could flirt all she wanted.

"Could I get some chocolate chip pancakes and a caramel latte please?"

"Uh-huh," She deadpanned, not looking at him. "And for you?"

Dream was too busy playing a one-sided game of footsie with George under the table to notice that she was addressing him. "Oh, uh. Waffles, please! And some warm milk?"

Bunny-girl didn't even falter at his weird choice of drink, not mentioning that it wasn't anywhere on the menu. "Of course! *Coming right up*."

Dream gave an energetic nod, smiling widely at George when he rolled his eyes with a small grin.

"Warm milk, huh?" George teased, finally succumbing to Dream's game, kicking his feet lightly. "I'm pretty sure they don't even sell that here."

Dream tilted his head to the side, his ears perking up. "Are you sure? The waitress didn't say anything about that."

With a huff, George looked out the window and rolled his eyes. "That's because she's like... *SO* into you. I bet she's going to try to get into your pants by the time we're halfway through our food."

Dream grinned and reached across the table to scratch at George's scalp. "Awww, feeling possessive kitty? Don't worry, I'm sure she was just being friendly."

"Stop calling me *kitty*." Despite the scowl on his face, George leaned into his hand and purred lightly. "It's embarrassing."

Dream laughed softly, hand finding its way to a place right behind George's ear. George leaned into the touch even further, threatening to fall over. "So me calling you *kitty* is embarrassing, but this *isn't*?"

George blinked, sitting up suddenly. "N-No- I mean- Yes? I- I don't know. Fuck off."

Dream howled with a fit of laughter, causing people to turn and look at them. George pulled his hood (*Dream's hood??*) over his head to hide his face. Dream smiled, wiping at the tears forming in his eyes. "George," he smiled fondly, "does it *actually* embarrass you? Because I'll stop if it does."

George paused, tapping his fingers against the table. "Um- I..." He mumbled something underneath his breath as if the fabric covering his face would help Dream hear what he said.

Dream stared at him, tilting his head. One of his ears flopped with the movement. "George, I can't hear you when you mutter."

"*I guess it's not that bad!*" He groaned, pushing out the words all at once so they were smashed together and messy.

"So I can keep calling you *kitty*?" Dream smirked, the smug look in his eyes making George's face flush further.

"Yeah, you can," George grumbled, putting his head down on the table. Dream tried not to comment about the germs and the sticky residue from the syrup, instead choosing to prod further at the poor catboy.

"I can *what*?"

"You're pushing it."

"Okay." Dream grinned, definitely getting exactly what he wanted.

Before George could shoot back with a comment about calling Dream "mutt" or "puppy", the waitress showed up at their table as if she could tell the direction the conversation was going and she wanted to put an end to it.

"Here you go, *sir~*. One plate of waffles and a mug of warm milk! If you need anything else, do *not* hesitate to call me over." She sent Dream an over-the-top wink, running one acrylic nail up his wrist to his elbow before moving to walk away.

Dream stopped her just before she could leave, and George could feel his ears droop. There it was. He was going for it.

"Um, actually. You forgot his pancakes. And his latte." Dream said, staring at her with a polite smile.

"Right. I'll get on that," She replied, finally sparing a glance at George only to scrunch her nose at him. George's tail puffed up angrily, and he tried his best not to hiss.

When he turned back to Dream, George was surprised that he hadn't started digging in already. He was bouncing in his seat, but he had not pulled out his fork yet.

"Aren't you going to start eating?" George asked carefully.

Dream shook his head. "Don't be silly, Georgie. It's only polite to wait until both parties have their food before eating. Were you raised in a barn?"

George raised his hands in the air. "Okay, then. I just figured you would be pretty hungry by now. Especially since it's almost noon and neither of us have eaten anything yet." George watched smugly as Dream looked frantically between his waffles, drenched in syrup, and George's cocky face.

"You can't make me budge. I am waiting for you."

George huffed as if he didn't care, but inside, his chest was rumbling.

The waitress returned setting George's food in front of him not-so-carefully and almost spilling hot coffee on him before smiling at Dream. "Will that be a-?" She cut herself off when she saw Dream scarfing his food down without a glance at her.

"That will be all," George said, smiling fondly at Dream. It was only when the waitress had walked away that George looked down and whined, causing Dream's head to snap up immediately.

His pancakes were somehow both cold and burnt, and his latte was almost all coffee with no whipped cream or caramel drizzle. George's ears drooped and his tail curled close around his stomach. All he wanted was a nice breakfast with Dream on their first day together.

It was all ruined.

Before George could blink, Dream was growling quietly and standing up in his seat. He pushed the rest of his food in front of George with a muzzle to the top of his head before picking up George's plate and mug and stomping up to the waitress where she stood in front of the chef's window.

"Excuse me. I usually expect great service here, especially since this is one of my favorite restaurants, but this is despicable. His pancakes are *completely* burnt and *cold*. How can I expect him to enjoy a meal with me if his food is practically inedible? I will be filing a complaint. There's no need to bring any more food. We will be leaving very shortly."

Without waiting to hear her reaction, Dream set the plates on the counter and walked back to George, taking a seat next to him on the booth and pulling him close.

George's jaw was practically on the ground. "Dream, *what*?"

Dream growled. "I can't believe this. I'm sorry, kitty. I just wanted to take you someplace nice where you could be yourself. I didn't know this would happen." He glanced down at the last uneaten waffle before cutting it up slowly. "Here, you should eat. I'll even get you a treat on the way home. I know a better place that sells crepes and stuff."

George leaned his head on Dream's shoulder, letting Dream feed him the last waffle. At least Dream was looking out for him.

"Maybe we could just make brownies or something at home? I don't think I want to stay out much longer." George turned so that his face was buried in Dream's neck, his ears tickling the bottom of his chin. He longed to press a kiss to Dream's cheek, settling instead for curling his tail around his

wrist.

"Of course. Let me pay, and then we can get going."

Dream made sure the waitress was watching them when they walked out the door with their tails curled, intertwined, and their hands clasped together.

\*\*\*

As soon as they arrived home, George made a beeline straight for Dream's room and flopped dramatically on his bed. Deciding to follow suit, Dream joined him, purposefully making the bed bounce more so that they ended up with their sides pressed together.

Leaning his head on his elbow, Dream said, "I really am sorry, Georgie. I just wanted to take you out."

George hummed, pressing closer to Dream's chest with his tail winding its way around Dream's thigh, holding him in place. "Don't worry, puppy. It's all done now. Let's just relax here."

Dream blushed *hard* at the pet name, his tail thumping almost violently against the comforter. He leaned down until their foreheads were touching, nuzzling their noses together before saying, "Yeah, okay. Alright. You must really love sleeping."

Hitting his chest lightly, George peeked one eye open at him. "Shut up, mutt. It's the jetlag. Now, sleep with me."

He immediately regret his words.

"Ohoho!" Dream crowed quietly, not wanting to ruin the fragile tenderness falling over them in a fog. "So you're finally admitting it! You want to sleep with me."

George opened both his eyes in a glare. He just wanted to sleep. "And? You don't seem to be opposed. Take a nap with me now, and then maybe I'll think about it."

Dream's eyes shot up quickly before he grinned really wide. Immediately, he began peppering sloppy kisses all along George's forehead and eyelids and nose and cheeks before finally settling on capturing his lips in a gentle kiss that George reciprocated after letting out a surprised *mew*.

Dream loved him. He was so, so whipped, and he didn't regret it one bit. George was purring so loudly that their kiss couldn't even muffle it. Dream was so, *so* happy.

After pulling back to press soft kisses into George's hair, they both drifted into the cozy confines of sleep, their hearts beating in tandem and their tails curled together.

#### Chapter End Notes

okay, that should be it! i really hope this ending satisfied you, and I cant tell you how many times I squealed while writing this! i love pet names. also aether added some REALLY funny parts to this and I'm so so proud it was great

## End Notes

theres so much catboy/dogboy stuff on twitter that i needed to write something for it. there's a lot that i was inspired by, so ill add them here.

[catboy george art](#) by \_cchampnado on twt, [THIS CATBOY GEORGE DNF ART](#) by cryptobonee on twt, and It's Raining by Turtle\_ier on ao3!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!